

Undying Record of American Legionaries

Transfer From French to United States Army Recalls Wonderful Showing Made by Volunteers—Youth and Age Alike Displayed Heroism Unequalled



First American of the Foreign Legion killed in the war—Adjutant Duke (or Duca) of Boston, a victim at the Marne.

PARIS, March 9. THE first American of the French Foreign Legion to be killed in the great war had an obscure fate.

Boulogny of New Orleans wrote to his uncle, the late Dr. John Pike of Paris, about him. The American volunteers in August, 1914, found Duke, or Duca (as the Italian Legionaries, very proud of him, sometimes called him), installed as "the American," prime favorite and leader of comrades, in the Second marching regiment of the Legion from North Africa. He hailed from Boston and was of supposedly Italian-American parentage, but speaking Italian badly and obviously American born. He had joined in Algiers three years previously, for adventure or to forget some girl, received money from Boston periodically, spent and loaned it liberally, and was a man of education, about 33 years old.

"He was my adjutant," said Boulogny, "and chief of bombardiers of our company in those first days after the Marne, when trench war scarcely existed. In trying a makeshift trench mortar—you might say a piece of stovepipe—it burst, and a scrap hit him just above the right eye. It pierced the skull, but he did not know it—just bound up the wound and went about his business. The next day I took his photograph. You see, he is laughing. An hour later he fell unconscious and died, as mysteriously as he had lived."

Last American Killed Was Nock.

The last American of the Legion killed in French uniform was Ivan Finney Nock of Baltimore, who fell on January 8, 1918. The last American Legionary killed before him was Bill Puringfield.

The remaining American Legionaries are being transferred to our own forces. These first American volunteers pointed out the road to honor. They deserve a chapter of their own in the history of the war.

Nock was 25 years old. A civil engineer, he quit a brilliant position to fight for France. In January, 1916, he enlisted. "I cannot remain neutral any longer," he said. Wounded at Auberville, in Champagne, he received the following citation: "Grenadier of remarkable courage, wounded April 20, 1917, by a ball in the head. After having laid low his fifth adversary he cried: 'I won't quit till I get my sixth Boche!' and kept his word."

Cured, Nock returned quickly to the front. He was cited a second time at Verdun in August, 1917, and a second time wounded. Scarcely cured again, he joined his corps and volunteered for a risky surprise attack on January 8,

1918. Mortally wounded, he was brought back inside the French lines and did not die until after his Colonel had pinned the military medal on his breast.

When Nock enlisted Edgar Boulogny of New Orleans was one of the old timers who welcomed him. Many had already fallen. Edward Mandell Stone of Chicago, a Harvard man who had been in the diplomatic service, was killed at Craonnelle in February, 1915, aged 31. Rene Phelizot of Chicago, a big game hunter known as "the killer of elephants," followed him in March, 1915.

Others Who Gained Undying Fame.

Then it was Russell Kelly of New York, killed in Artois in June, 1915, only 21 years old; Kenneth Weeks of Boston (25 years) and Edward Harman Hall of Chicago (aged 23), who both fell in the same month and district; Henry Farnsworth of Boston, September, 1915, in Champagne; Alan Seeger of New York the poet, author of the immortal "Champagne, 1914-1915," who was killed on July 4, 1916.

About this epoch Boulogny said: "Of the original Americans who joined the Foreign Legion with me in August, 1914, there remain only four of us—Lieut. Sweeney, Casey, Trinkard and myself. One of my good friends, Dennis Dowd, was killed at Bue, as aviator, in August, 1916."

About fifty of our Legionaries have been wounded, invalided (like Paul Ayres Rockwell, the writer and brother of the aviator) or transferred to other French services. Such were certain stars of the present American aviation: Major William Thaw of Pittsburg, Capt. Frederick Zinn, Capt. Robert Soubiran and Lieut. William Dugan. They began in the Legion.

It is Arthur Barry of Brighton, a Boston boy, who calls himself "a high-brow plasterer," but "doesn't follow his profession much," and other young Legionaries recently transferred to the A. E. F., who were referred to in an official discourse as "to-day among the youngest in the Foreign Legion; to-morrow they will be among the oldest fighters of the great war in the American army."

Of these, Barry has two wounds and three citations; Allen Richard Blount of Chicago and Wilson, N. C., two wounds and one citation; Christopher Charles of Brooklyn, one wound, one citation; Theodore Haas of St. Louis, two wounds, three citations; Algernon Sartoris, grandson of President U. S. Grant, one citation; Sergeant Eugene Jacob of Chicago, two citations; Corporal Oscar Mouvet of New York, two wounds, three citations; Jack Moyet of Mobile, Ala. (the Benja-



"Only four of us left"—Casey, Sweeney, Trinkard and Nock. Sweeney and Casey still survive. Photo taken in 1916.

min of the Legion), aged only 18 years and having two years fighting and one citation to his credit; John A. Cordonnier of Philadelphia, two wounds, two citations; Marius Philip of St. Louis, one wound, one citation; Walter Appleton of New York, one wound; Jack Noe of New York, one citation, and Walter Raymond Pierce of Philadelphia, now in Algiers.

Meanwhile the youngsters make a cult, collect the names and exploits of their elders, "the great dead," who pointed out to them the road to honor. Alan Seeger sang their glories—and his own:

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,
Along our lines they slumber where they fell,
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger
And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,
And round the city whose cathedral towers
The enemies of Beauty dared profane,
And in the mat of multicolored flowers
That clothe the sunny chalk fields of Champagne.
Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undis-
mayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade . . .
That other generations might possess—
From shame and menace free in years to come—
A richer heritage of happiness,
He marched to that heroic martyrdom.
Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonored that his flag might float
Over the towers of Liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat!

James Paul of St. Louis was a great grenade thrower, and obtained his first citation for hurling 250 bombs in five minutes. He was shot with a revolver by a German Red Cross man at the moment, when he had removed the safety pin from a grenade which he was about to throw and which was ready to explode.

German Bullet Paralyzed brain.

The German Red Cross bullet paralyzed his brain, so that he could not move his arm, yet his last thought was for the trenchful of comrades and the danger to them of the timed bomb in his hand. Crying weakly: "Grenade! grenade!" he died. One of the men snatched the thing in time and hurled it at the Germans.

"That's how we do in the Legion!" said Guy Angostini of San Francisco, killed at Verdun in August, 1917, while crawling out between the lines to rescue a wounded comrade. Edgar Boulogny ac-

tually got his third wound at this sort of exercise—and, wounded, brought back his wounded friend.

Others of the older set survive, miraculously. There is Nick Kornies of New York, 25 years old, three and one-half years service, never once in a hospital, either as sick or wounded, and possessed of three citations, the last conferring the Military Medal.

"Only Four of Us Left."

One day in late 1916 Boulogny sent me a photograph. Beside a bombarded church sat "the only four of us left"—Casey, Sweeney, Trinkard—and the new American, Nock. Trinkard was killed a year later, as an aviator. Sweeney still survives, promoted Captain. Nock was the last American Legionary to be killed in French uniform.

"Casey has a charmed life," says Edgar Boulogny. "John Jacob Casey, landscape painter when at home, three and one-half years at the front, one wound and four citations."

Young and old, all the survivors are transferred to the A. E. F.

Young—like Allen Richard Blount of Chicago, 23 years of age, veteran of Verdun, two wounds, one citation. What for? For capturing, alone with his corporal, thirty German soldiers in their own trench and taking them back, without spilling a bean, to the French rear!

Old—like O. L. McElhan of New Orleans, the dean of the American Legionaries, former Louisiana State Senator and aged 65 years. When we entered the war he was rejected as a volunteer on account of his age, without examination. So he hastened to France, passed the physical examination and joined the Legion—claiming, instructed by experience, to be 42 years old, and looking it.

Jail in Solid Rock

ONE of the oddest of jails is at Clifton, Graham county, Arizona, which lies in an important copper region. This jail comprises four large apartments hewn in the side of a hill of solid quartz. The entrance is in a boxlike vestibule built of heavy masonry, and the gates have three sets of steel bars.

At intervals in the rocky walls holes to serve as windows have been blasted, and in these apertures massive bars of steel have been fitted firmly.